What We Gladly Gave

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Summary

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>
> Will dropped it.
>
> “I don’t.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

The day started like this.

Will woke to the sunlight streaming in through the open windows, warming his skin and making color dance behind his eyelids. Then even warmer lips where kissing along the back of his neck, and Will slowly opened his eyes and lifted his hand.

His knuckles touched Hannibal's cheek, and he smiled.

" g'morning," Will greeted, twisting himself around in the sheets so he was facing Hannibal.

"Good morning, my dear heart." Hannibal's lips ghosted along Will's shoulder before finally landing on his lips.

Will hummed softly. His own fingers skidded along Hannibal's jaw before tangling in his hair. He tilted his head, debating with himself if he should coax Hannibal into something more rigorous this morning before remembering that he had agreed to an early morning review for his students for their final.

He couldn't remember when he had gotten so nice with them.

Will pulled back, and Hannibal chased after him.

"Babe—" Will laughed as Hannibal kissed him again. The early morning sun glinted off the gold of their rings, and Will grinned. "Hannibal, I have to get up. I've got that lecture, remember?"

Hannibal pulled back. "Surely you can lay here a bit longer."

Will glanced at the clock, then back at Hannibal.

"You've got twenty minutes."

Hannibal grinned.

They stumbled downstairs twenty five minutes later--Will, in one of Hannibal's sweaters and Hannibal in a pair of Will's sweatpants--much to the amusement of Abigail. She looked them over, raising her eyebrows as Hannibal stumbled to the french press and Will fell into the bar stool at the kitchen island.

"You're gonna be late," she said in a sing-song voice, pouring something from a bot into a mug. It steamed, and the mug cracked.

"I will not," Will huffed, smiling and leaning up for a kiss as Hannibal set a cup of coffee in front of him. "And I'm taking you to school, so hush."

Abigail's smile turned to a grin. "Love you too, dad." She kissed Will's cheek, then skipped out of the kitchen with her steaming and cracked mug to locate the rest of her school books.

Will watched her, then looked back to Hannibal.

"Oh, shut up."

"I didn't say anything," Hannibal said it with a smile.

"You were going to," Will mumbled.

—

Will made it to the classroom just as the last student stumbled in, and Will closed the door behind him with a little more force than necessary. The sound of it echoed off the walls. It wasn't as pleasant as the crash and click of the door on the Addam's estate, nor the one of Will's childhood home.

The students look at him with wide eyes.

"What?" Will snapped it out.

The wanted to say we didn't actually think you were going to show up. Instead one of them said "That's a nice sweater, Professor Graham."

Will looked down at his chest. He hadn't actually bothered to change out of Hannibal's red sweater. All he had really done this morning was throw on a pair of jeans and his glasses and shoes and called it good.

Hannibal had looked delighted and had kissed him senseless before he walked out the door.

"It's my fiancées." Will answered. He felt giddy every time he said it.

"That's cute," one of his students said.

Will narrowed his eyes, and whoever said it snapped their mouth shut and looked away from him. Will then walked to the front of the classroom, plugged his flash drive in and just barely managed to get the first slid up and open his mouth when Jack Crawford slammed open the door.

"Will!" his voice was booming and irritating and Will thought about taking the pen in his hand and jamming it in Jack Crawford's eye. "I need you, now!"

"I'm busy," Will said.

"Now," Jack snapped.

Will took a deep breath. He held it until it hurt, then let it out. “I’m trying to teach, Jack.”

“And I have a hostage situation,” Jack snapped that out too. “So get your happy ass to my office, *now*.”

Will rather felt like he was back in elementary school getting sent to the principal's office.

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” Will threw his pen on the desk, wished for a brief moment that he had taken up the academy's offer of having a student assistant, then marched back down the aisle.

“Good luck on your finals,” Jack offered to the students, then pushed Will out of the room and closed the door.

Will huffed and crossed his arms. “I don’t do kidnappings, Jack.”

“No, but you do *do* serial killers,” Jack put a hand on Will’s shoulder and steered him towards the stairs.

Will bit back his quip of *i only do one serial killer* and let Jack lead him up to his office. Beverly was already there, thank god, and Will shook himself free from Jack’s hold and took the seat next to Beverly.

She looked him up and down, and then grinned. “Nice sweater, Graham.”

Will flipped her off.

“If you two can act like adults for a moment,” Jack looked like that he would have slapped them if he could have gotten away with it. “We have an actual problem.”

“Right, sorry.” Will was not sorry, but Jack didn’t need to know that.

Jack let out a long drawn out sigh, then launched into the case debriefing.

Serial killers with no names were people who Will didn’t really care to get to know, and Jack was showing him a photo of a young man with no quirky serial killer name attached to him. He wasn’t the Chesapeak Ripper--he wasn’t Hannibal--and wasn’t really worth Will’s time. He had so far been successful in dodging Jack Crawford’s attempts in roping Will into helping with the case (Will knew the logistics of this particular case--he couldn't not, what with Jack all but shoving them down his throat), but you couldn’t always outright doge a firmly clamped hand on your shoulder.

The Serial Killer With No Name robbed houses, shot the owners and then left, and really wasn’t worth a second of Will’s time outside of the base profile he first gave.

Or so Morticia said.

And Will was rather inclined to agree with her.

Will sighed, dropping his chin into his palm as he blocked out Jack's voice and stared at the slides and maps and photos that were flashing across the projection screen. He thought about Hannibal and he thought about Abigail, and then he thought about how he was going to have to text Hannibal and ask him to pick up Abigail, because at this rate it looked like he was going to the other side of the state.

"Why exactly do you need me?" Will asked once Jack had finished his very long winded explanation of husband and wife barricaded in same house as Serial Killer With No Name while he makes demands. "No one is dead, and you've already got a workable profile."

"Because I want you there," Jack said it like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

And maybe it was, to everyone named Jack Crawford.

As it was, Will sighed and pulled his phone out of his pocket while Beverly gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

"Maybe you'll get home before dinner," she said as Jack stormed out of the room yelling something about unmarked cars.

"I don't think so," Will looked up from his phone and offered Beverly a smile. "But it's a nice thought."

Beverly gave his shoulder another squeeze.

--

The sun was setting on a quaint little farmhouse, and Will was standing a few feet away from the front porch and he *saw*.

"I want him," Alan, his name was, said this with shaking hands and a gross fury in his eyes. "I want him in here."

Will swore he could hear one of Jack's teeth chip from how hard he was grinding them. "Agent Graham is not--"

"No, it's alright, Jack," Will tilted his head as he looked this man over. He was so angry and Will wanted to get closer until he could properly understand why. So he could properly *see* him. It was...well, Alan himself wasn't interesting, but the feelings he had were fascinating. "I'll go."

"Will…" this time it was Beverly who spoke, although her voice was not weary so much as it was a warning. *Don't do anything stupid, Will* she said with her scowl. *This isn't Minnosata, Will* she said.

Will gave her a smile, then stepped up onto the porch.

Alan took a hold of Will's wrist and jerked him back into the house. The door behind him snapped shut admit all the shouting of Jack and the few other agents with them, a cool knife was pressed to his throat--and wasn't that just a pleasant little zing through Will's spine--and then it was silent.

"Your gun, Mr. Graham."

Will gave it to him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Starling," Will looked around the living room. It was so dark and so quiet. "Are they still alive?"

"No." Alan said.

Will hummed.

"I didn't mean to kill them, Mr. Graham," Alan continued. "But sometimes these things just happen."

"So what am I then?" Will asked. He swallowed, could feel the edge of the knife move with the movement. "Your new hostage?"

"You're my bargaining chip."

"Oh, right. Of course." Will tilted his head to look back at Alan, the knife drawing across his throat. A thin trickle of blood beaded down his neck, and then there was a very loud crack and Will was dropping to the floor and bouncing his head off the door frame as Alan stepped off Will's now broken ankle.

It did not hurt. It should have hurt, Will knew, but it did not.

"Can't have you trying to leave," Alan offered up. "You understand, I'm sure."

Will smiled. "Completely."

He felt something wet trickling down the back of his neck.

The phone rang a few moments later. Alan locked the door and stepped over Will to answer it, and Will propped himself up against the doorframe and kicked his broken ankle out in front of him. It was a ghastly sight--wrenched at an angle Will would have thought impossible--and he looked it over and wondered if he could splint it.

He could. But Will wasn't sure if he wanted to.

Will sighed.

Alan was speaking too softly for Will to make anything out, not that he was saying anything interesting, but this silence was almost painful with how tightly it was pressing down on him.

And then, almost like a balloon had popped, Will heard crying.

He perked up and leaned forward, and once he was sure Alan wasn't looking at him, Will forced himself to stand. He put most of his weight on his still functioning ankle, grit his teeth, and dragged and limped his way up the stairs. The crying got louder the further Will went, and when he reached the second story landing it stopped.

Will stilled, waiting for it to pick up again.

And it did, so faintly that Will almost didn't hear it, but it did.

Will pushed open the door nearest to him, and he stared in wonderment at the pale pink cradle that stood in the dead center of the room.

Any and all thoughts Will had of dragging this little experiment out ended with the baby wailed louder and footsteps pounded up the stairs. Alan came in the door a few moments later, and before either of them could properly react Will threw himself against the other man, knocking him to the floor and ignoring the sudden screaming pain from his bones.

They struggled for a moment as the baby's cries got louder, and then Will, fed up with this entire thing, took a fistful of Alan's hair and slammed his head against the floorboards.

Alan was still struggling, but with his movements now significantly more sluggish and blood coating Will's hand and Alans scalp Will easily picked the knife from his hands.

"I think it's funny," Will said, holding the knife up to the light. His speech felt slurred, and his eyes ached from the light. "That you need something to kill someone. But guess what?"

Will dropped it.

"I don't."

Alan's eyes went wide, and before he could open his mouth to plead Will snapped his neck.

He sat there for a moment, then stood.

The baby's cries were deafening, and Will lifted her from her cradle with bloody hands and hushed her. He held her close to his chest, humming a lullaby his mother used to sing to him and Morticia as he went back down the stairs. The baby's cries and softened to whimpers as Will unlocked the door and stepped back outside, and he handed her off to Beverly before his legs buckled.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's day ended like this.

He was lying in a too plush hospital bed with too scratchy blankets at John Hopkins, staring out the window and the darkening sky and newly born twinkling stars and wishing he could rip the IV drip out of the back of his hand.

He hadn't wanted any morphine. He was pretty sure they had put some in the drip anyway.

No, what he really wanted was to hold the little girl to his chest as tightly as he could, wipe the blood off her skin, feel her breath in time with him, hear her crying and wailing and *living*. He wanted to hold her, he wanted Hannibal to see her, and he wanted to say *we're taking her home*.

Will had asked to see her when he finally woke up. The doctor had looked at him like he had suddenly gotten up and started walking on his broken ankle.

Will took in a deep breath, held it, then let it out in a sigh.

He wanted to go home, but he wasn't stupid enough to say that. If he did then he would never leave.

There was a gentle knock at the door, and Beverly poked her head in.

"Good morning, sunshine!" Will wrinkled his nose and Beverly grinned. "Brought you something."

She stepped inside the room, a whimpering pale pink blanket held close to her chest.

"Her name is Clarice," Beverly continued. She stepped closer to Will, and Will held his arms out almost of their own accord. "And she hasn't stopped crying since you gave her to me."

Beverly gently pressed Clarice into Will's arms, and her cries stopped. She blinked and looked up at Will with wide eyes, and as Will drew her closer she waved a tiny fist out of her confineds and tried to grab at Will's hair once she got in grabbing distance.

"Hi," Will said softly, catching Clarice's hand before it could latch onto his hair.

She blew a spit bubble, then shrieked.

"You gonna adopt this one too?" Beverly fell into the chair next to the bed.

"Shut up," Will mumbled. He didn't look away from Clarice.

“In all seriousness, are you alright?” Beverly leaned forward, and Will drug his eyes away from the baby to look at her. She didn’t look worried enough to be concerned, but there was still enough there to make Will feel at least a little guilty. “I know you weren't in there for very long, but…”

“Bev, I’m fine. It was just a couple stitches and a broken bone, that’s all,” Will gave her a smile. “I’ve had worse.”

Beverly huffed. “Why do I even bother worrying about you?”

Will just smiled a little wider.

“Will?” the door cracked open again, and there was Morticia and Gomez and as soon as Will looked at them Morticia was skipping across the room and falling into the bed with Will. “Oh, love, we came as soon as Hannibal called--are you alright?”

Her fingers held Will’s jaw as she looked him over.

“I’m alright, ‘Ticia,” Will let her fuss and fret.

“You had us worried there, dear boy,” Gomez managed to squeeze onto the bed with Will and Mortitica, setting a hand on her shoulder as he peered at Will. “You end up in hospitals much too often--Will, is that a baby?”

“He’s going to adopt her,” Bevelry chimed in.

Will shot her a glare and she just smiled at him.

“Really?” Morticia looked delighted.

“Will!” Then Fester was bustling in, Grandmama right behind him with a baby Wednesday in her arms and Lurch right behind them with Pugsley in his. “Oh, we are all so worried--!”

“I’m fine, guys, really,” Will felt Clarice squirm against his chest, and then she was crying.

Fester stopped, then blinked. “You have a baby.”

Will didn’t answer Fester, instead turning his attention to Clarice and humming the same soft lullaby he had before. She quieted down quickly, her cries turning to soft whimpers.

“Dad!” and there was Abigail, knocking into Lurch as she ran to the bed. “Are you okay? What happened? We came as soon as we--Hannibal got pulled off by Jack so he’s--well, he’s here just not--are you okay?”

She climbed up into the bed, and Gomez easily removed himself to make room.

“I’m fine, Abby--”

“What happened?”

“Why don’t we wait for Hannibal before I--”

“Will!” and there was Hannibal, looking almost frazzled as he darted into the room.

Will felt his face soften and a small smile slip onto his face. “Hey.”

Hannibal crossed the room in a few strides, and Morticia easily slipped off the bed so Hannibal could take her place. He crossed one leg over the other as he gently sat down, leaning over Will and cupping his cheeks in his hands as he looked Will over. His finger’s paused over the stiches, and Will lifted his own hand to gently lay across Hannibal’s cheeks.

“I killed him,” Will spoke softly.

“Did you make it last?” Hannibal asked just as softly.

“No,” Will smiled again, nodding towards Clarice. “But I got something better.”

Hannibal looked down at her, his eyes widening as he finally noticed the pale pink blanket in Will’s arms.

“He killed her parents, Hannibal,” Will looked back up at Hannibal, and Hannibal took a moment to look back up at him. Then he looked to Abigail, then back to Clarice, and then finally back to Will.

“You aquire precious things through precious violence, my dear heart.”

Will grinned.

--

Clarice Starling would first become Clarice Graham when Will finally signed off on the papers.

She would come home with Will when he was released from the hospital, and he would stay home with her when Jack signed off on his required medical leave.

Will didn’t mind it so much this time around.

Abigail would attach herself to Clarice very quickly, delighted at the prospect of being an elder sister. She would carry around the baby when Will was busy, feed her at dinner when Will and Hannibal were cooking, and watch her when Morticia and Gomez were unable to do so.

Hannibal would dote on Clarice as much as he did Abigail, and Will loved watching it.

Morticia took to Clarice as quickly as she did Abigail, and she and Gomez gave her a traditional Addams welcome into the family.

Then Clarice Graham would become Clarice Graham-Lecter a few months later right as Abigail Graham became Abigail Graham-Lecter, which would be a few days after Will and Hannibal became Will and Hannibal Graham-Lecter.

Both Will and Fester thought this whole last name business was a bit confusing, but Gomez and Grandmama insisted on it.

Chapter End Notes

I have actual school work that I need to do, and that's just not happening

End Notes

Will just like, keeps acquiring children through very violent means

I also have a hard on for Will in that Red Sweater and I Will Put It In As Many Stories As I Can

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